Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XI. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 14, 1832. Whole No. 546.

By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
S. E. CORNER OF CHESTNUT AND SOUTH STREETS.

TO SARAH.

[illegible]

Lydia Huntley.

"The tears we shed"—

L. E. L.

TRUE TALES.

LOVE'S MARTYR.

[illegible]

"I mean," replied the young lady, in a low voice and speaking with a fearful emphasis, "I mean, mother, I can not go with you."

"Helen, Helen Gray," repeated both her children in one breath, "how dreadful you look! what is the matter?" continued the mother, "for surely this is utter madness!"

"No," rejoined the brother, "she is only joking. Helen knows as well as you do, that the enemy will be within the walls to-morrow," and yet as the youth met the full blaze of his sister's eye, he felt in his heart that they were both mistaken.

"You are right, mother," rejoined the young girl. "This is indeed no time for idle mystery. Mother, and my brother, you are in danger, imminent danger, and I am resolved to perish with you in the defence of my home and my country."

"Helen, Helen, you are mad," exclaimed the mother, in a tone of anguish. "Now Heaven be propitious unto you,"

Evening Post.

☞ This paper has a greater circulation in this city than any other—it has patrons in every ward, and in nearly every principal town in the Union. Upwards of 11,000 papers are distributed every week, and the number of subscribers is rapidly increasing.

Extract to the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, dated

Washington City, January 4, 1833.

Dear Sir, When I last had the pleasure of addressing you, I promised to give you in my next some remarks on the excitement of society in Washington and the causes of the city, and the appearance of the country which surrounds it.

I would perhaps do injustice to the *steady* by remarking on an excitement without a more familiar acquaintance with a "bar of the city and surrounding country I am at liberty to speak in such manner as to convey correct notions of either. I would say the absence of a city, owing to the State's having no seat of Government—surrounded and supported by a district and town which the words of Gray had swept for ages past, never to be known to history, and turned up now every spring to the ploughshare and harrow. The undrained marshes and stagnant waters which surround Washington—if it will pretend—add a fatal and fearful story of unfavorable air. But the country which surrounds it, and immediately in the neighborhood, although the soil is naturally of a good quality, and capable of a rich and beautiful state of cultivation, appears to have been scarcely neglected than it presents to the traveller a most dreary aspect. If you visit the eastern and southern shores of Philadelphia or New York, or Boston or Washington, or indeed almost any place worth of that, the scenery of the surrounding country, and the appearances of the people, are the first ideas that occupy your mind. This, it is true, is an unfavorable season to a stick to judge of a country, but of the scenes which are every day presented to view, may be taken as a criterion by which to make conclusions. the agriculturist and of the farmers most strike even more than a stranger by the appearances of things while winter wears the melancholy mantle of dowry, and the wintry blasts are sweeping over ice and snow.

To return to the city, its public edifices are in, only in moments among them may be numbered the Capitol, president's house and the public buildings which may country boast the rich appearance which may country boast. Its terraced elevation gives it an appearance of grandeur, perhaps unrivalled in any nation, while its beautiful style of architecture and its perfect whiteness strike the last with the liveliest sentiments of admiration. From the Capitol, the view of the city and surrounding country is extensively fine. Not the extensive, nor yet the wood—beyond the lowland view, which is scattered too beautifully, and which gives an appearance to the whole country, shows reliefs to perform by effect.

I consider the President's Mansion, too, as presenting a strange contrast with the principles of republicanism. I do not conceive that a man, placed over the destinies of a nation like this, has any right to be secured away in a marble palace of such magnificent structure and surround-ed by so much confidence and pomp. Our President. We shall soon want two more offices in this city for the accommodation of increasing business, and I think it would be more accordant, as to the true spirit of republicanism to appropriate the President's Mansion to this purpose, and to put up for him a plain brick or stone house.

The President's Mansion was yesterday open for the reception of visitors. Crowds of people of all denominations flocked there. I have not seen such a mixture of beauty, grace, elegance, satire, sarcasm and crush of all sorts.—From the greatest to the smallest—the oldest to the youngest—all mingled together in harmony as regards their venerable ruler by the hand.

President Jackson is a very venerable old gentleman in dress; but he looks feeble and worn down with hardship. While age is furrowing his venerable face, care, deep and relentless, seems to be gathering on his brow. From his general appearance I would suppose that the infirmities of age would rather incline him to the retirement of the Hermitage, than to the stormy ocean of politics. And that the frown which knits upon his brow, and the near approach of the closing scene of life, would rather turn his mind in contemplation toward the grave, than toward the muddy pool of political contention. Clay, Adams, and Calhoun, each held levees yesterday. They are all great men; all of Herculean intellect; all honors in their line of country; all have faults—and all love virtue; but of all the men I ever saw, Mr Calhoun is the oldest: he has the most grasping mind—takes the most comprehensive views of things as they present themselves, and is the most disinterested and patriotic in his sentiments. He is all respects the finished gentleman. I do not mean to intimate that the others are not so. Do not understand me as speaking as a politician, but as a disinterested spectator of events, and as admirer of great men, regardless of political predilections or party distinctions.

CERES.

Extract of a letter to the Editor dated

Washington City, Jan. 10th, 1833.

Dear Sir,

Circumstances beyond my control, have for some days past, prevented me from devoting as much time to you as would have been pleasant—but the subscription which you received for me is ample, having been in a good degree satisfied. I embrace the first opportunity to give you what extra we have. The short space of time in which I am allowed to communicate with you now, omits to my only address for the desultory manner, and at the close of the expression of my thoughts.

The political world of this region, has been for some time within calm—and upon speculation some on. The United States Bank question was yesterday brought before the House. Before this letter can reach you, the papers from this city will have given you information of the proceedings of both Houses, on that all interesting subject. It has produced a good deal of talk on this City—some think the Bank will be re-chartered, and others think it will not. For myself, I have scarcely formed an opinion—I leave this morning, that is on the President's determination to veto the bill, if it should pass. It is true in the hands of a strong advocate (Mr. McDuffie) who will leave no honorable effort unemployed to get it through.

Notwithstanding, I am what they term a "whole hog" Jackasonian, I am disposed to differ from the President in his views on the subject of the Bank. I am not called on this occasion to detail the "why and the wherefore" of my honest difference of opinion from the venerable hero, who has filled the pensive of his country's glory—for I consider him, subject the act of the Legislature, as the father of his country. It is enough to say that the Branch bank took out all the notes of the mother bank, and these notes became the basis on which to build a paper currency responsible for them, to do, to effect, and to fulfil its engagements against them, to sustain itself. More anon on this head.

Our meeting we had our splendid fall of January 8th. It was a night of splendor—and the music of the bows of their country and the retreating fair, seemed to fix the rapid wings of time, back, to the day when the native breeze seemed to fill a common for the ethereal liberties of his country. But the enjoyment of the evening was greatly marred by the absence of the maidens.—The hostess understandingly, would not allow him to turn out. His wealth is proverbial—and I am told that the tricks of fashion occasioned several to shiver in the cold—however—and I might not be surprised at the recruit of January should find the absence the fleet from which we wake up all the devotion of the following day. You could not look on this without the warmest admiration. To see the most accomplished ladies wearing bow the clothes and ornaments—for head dress—for head dress—for head dress

THE MARKETS.

To Readers and Correspondents.

An anxiety to furnish the subscribers to Atkinson's Casket, with a plate of the fashionable winter dresses now in vogue in Paris and London, induced us to await the arrival of the foreign publications containing them, previous to issuing the *January* number. Had we been stinted to furnish engravings of dresses and bonnets several months old, and now out of date where they originated, the number would have been published on the first instant, as the editor would have been given to the engraver more than a month ago. By the delay our subscribers will gain nothing—as they will receive later fashions than are to be found in the periodicals published early in the month.

The engravings are now at the [illegible] of colorers, and will be finished in the course of a few days, so as to enable us to issue the Casket on the 17th instant. The plate is pronounced by competent judges to be of a superior finish, and decidedly better executed than any engraving of fashions ever published in any American garden. We feel proud in announcing this to the women of taste, as we think it will compensate for the delay occasioned in furnishing it. The former will be handsomely colored, as to the original London works, whence they are copied.

In addition to the copperplate which contains these figures, the January number will contain five engravings of fashionable head dresses, caps, bonnets, full and a full account of the different winter dresses now worn by the fashionables of Europe.

On the 15th inst. we consider the number decidedly the best of the work, and we have no doubt that our subscribers will be pleased with it.

Sales of Public Stocks, &c. this day.

[illegible]

A very meeting of citizens, with a view of affording aid to the Union Benevolent Association, was held to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor, was held at the District Court Room, on Saturday afternoon. Resolutions approving of the objects of the Association, and directing the appointment of Committees to make collections, to be placed in its disposal, were offered by John Sergeant, Esq. and unanimously approved by the meeting.

The gentlemen appointed a week or two ago to collect funds and apply them to the relief of the suffering poor, in the Northern Liberties, are understood, especially in the upper wards, to have found many cases of poverty, of a truly distressing nature. Families were found without a morsel of fuel, almost without covering, and subsisting entirely upon bread and water. The generality of the wealthy, in the district, applied the visiting committees to supply them with wood and other necessaries, and to make arrangements to prevent further suffering.

Many ladies of the Northern Liberties, from personal knowledge, are actively engaged in rallying out to the notice of the visiting committees, the proper objects of charity in their respective vicinities, and in making up warm clothing for destitute children. Such acts are truly praiseworthy, and well befit the benevolent heart. Elevated, indeed, is the rank which those ladies hold in society.

The supply of mornings has been increased by several more cards, in consequence of the good wanted made for them. We can now furnish our friends with an assortment of very neat cards, for which we take no fee. The good will with [illegible] remembering a lady's friend on a morning.

On the last page is arranged by a wife, to whom is given by a correspondent a great deal of [illegible] We publish it as a matter of curiosity and amusement, rather than because it is recommended by any extraordinary merit. The manner in the article is, in several instances, not [illegible] but it is generally deficient in [illegible] We suppose it came from the [illegible] of Lucile, and a young [illegible] Perhaps the verses are beautiful.

Lucretius.—The Constitutional Convention named by the Star Editor has been elected, by appointed from whom nothing but [illegible] can be drawn; but to be assembled in the Legislature, and the views to remain with the last session of awakening public attention to the importance of public Schools. The first subject examined, will report, it is expected, in a few days—the second for [illegible] the third in process of the general committee, and submitted at the ensuing session of the Legislature.

After reference to the well authenticated fact that Pauperism has hundreds of thousands of Lucretius and daughters, who are entirely destitute of the means of an decent existence by the extraordinary degree of [illegible] which prevails among the wealthy, in the district, applied the visiting committees to supply them with wood and other necessaries, and to make arrangements to prevent further suffering.

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The present age seems to be particularly distinguished by a disposition on the part of society to censure and murmur. It is a fault which pervades all ranks and classes, all ages and sexes, all employments, whether professional or handicraft, and which is no less prevalent in summer than in winter, in the morning than in the evening. The subject of discontent is according to the taste of each, some choosing to grumble on what others pay over, though not unfrequently, most individuals, "with one consent" denounce a particular evil as especially deserving of the grumbled murmurs.

In individuals, trade alone, search for a private grief, real or imaginary, and grumble over it until it becomes thread bare. Then another is found or conceived, and the same music of murmuring proceeds as before, only the tune is different. Families grumble among themselves—the husband at the wife, the wife at the husband, both at the children, and the children at the dog, in the parties we have a quartet of grumblers; the air being generally carried by the oldest maiden lady in company. He that refuses to join in the grumbling chorus is denounced for parsimony of feeling, and is made the subject matter of the next grumble. Occasionally a congregation is entered into, and each one strives to present the fullest grumbling subject. The one who succeeds is applauded as a discreet person—a lady or gentleman of parts, sound judgment and quick perception.

Then we have town meetings of grumblers, convened to grumble over grievances, and by uniting our several murmurs to make a prodigious lamentation. We choose a grumbling chairman to grumble our grumbles, and a grumbling secretary to record them. We pass grumbling resolutions, and request other grumblers to other places to grumble too. Next we must have our grumbles printed, and then editors grumble.—Thus on every hand, from every quarter, we hear grumbling, rising high and continuing long and loud and sickening, apparently, the air we breathe, and the inanimate objects that surround us.

A week ago we grumbled at the cold, and three days after at the thaw—first at the snow, and next at the rain. Yesterday we grumbled,—today we grumbled, and we shall grumble tomorrow. Grumbling is to us fuel, fuel, clothing, and even life itself. It is our richest enjoyment, to which all other pleasures are mean and insignificant. We are a grumbling people—a grumbling nation, and so we record it in this grumbling article, at which every reader will unquestionably grumble.

Loss of the ship George Cumings, off Great Egg Harbor, date Jan. 9, 1832.

Extract of a letter to a gentleman in this city, dated as above, and received by the Pilot boat Wm. Penn, Capt. Hand, this morning:

"The ship GEORGE CUMINGS, Capt. ALEXANDER WHEELER, from Mobile for this port, on Saturday night, January 7th at 11 o'clock, touched upon the outer bar, and bilged. She is a very large steamer. The steamboat Delaware was lying at anchor in the bay, and sent her boats off to the vessel, and took the Pilot Harbor on Sunday morning, and the steamer Delaware was unloading on Monday to save the cargo if possible.

After myself whereas [illegible] unbeknown, lying in Mobile harbour, came in yesterday in distress reported that on Wednesday last, the 4th inst. [illegible] with rum, belonging to Boston, [illegible] on the coast.

The passengers from the Mary Cumings arrived in town last evening, and report that the ship went on shore at Absecom [illegible] Saturday night at half past 11 o'clock—the weather was thick at the time and had been so for several days which prevented an observation. At three o'clock Sunday afternoon [illegible] the cargo, the wind increasing. The passengers were taken off in a sloop, the ship having then about 14 feet water in the hold—during the afternoon it commenced blowing a gale, and the steamer, which drove the ship on, where it is supposed most of the cargo may be saved—the passengers speak highly of the conduct of Capt. Allen, and state that the violence of the weather was the cause of the accident. Passengers: Mr. Jones of Philadelphia, Mr. Weaks of Natchez, Mr. Dorsey of Birmingham, Mr. Borneman of [illegible] and 6 in the steerage.

In the St. John's (N. B.) Courier, we find several recent shipwrecks recited.—

The Digby packet Caroline was wrecked on the 2nd inst. at Barin's Cove—crew and passengers, fourteen persons in all, perished. Cargo lost also.

The brig Volante, Captain Hunt, was wrecked at Sandy Cove, on the 31st ult. Cargo principally lost, three of the crew perished.

The brig Edward Walker, Captain McKenzie, laden with deals, bound to Dublin, which sailed for New Brunswick, on 12th ult. was driven on shore, on the 15th, and made a complete wreck, nothing having been saved but two trunks belonging to the captain.—The crew consisted of the captain, mate, and five seamen, with one passenger who was washed overboard immediately after the wreck of the vessel. For some time after the vessel had struck they could discern no appearance of land, and while the captain was among all, the forward rope was cut and struck him with such violence that his back was immediately [illegible] and was severely contused.

[illegible] the first morning he [illegible] gave up all despair, and [illegible] after landing, another reached a wretched hovel near which he swam, and they [illegible] the other two succeeded in wards till they [illegible] a light from a dwelling house, which was at [illegible] a mile, by [illegible] he [illegible] to the cage, would not readily be supplied.

Laughlan was played on Thursday evening—Master Bowers, certainly a prodigy, as Young Norval, and Miss Alexina Fisher, a promising young actress, as Lady Randolph.

Shiel's tragedy of *Adelgitha*, or, *the hut of the Hungarian*, was produced last evening—Mr. E. Forrest as the hero.

Mr. Foley is playing De Lacy at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Master Burke and his brother, a lad eight years of age, also a musical prodigy, have left Boston for the South.

Mr. Booth is continuing an engagement at Baltimore. He will shortly appear at the Arch Street Theatre.

Mr. A. Adams, and Mrs. A. Drake, are performing at the Washington Theatre.

Mr. Murdoch's Benefit.

Tuesday evening next, we understand, is fixed for the benefit of MR. MURDOCK, at the Arch street Theatre—in which occasion the new Tragedy—CONRAD OF NAPLES—will be produced.

Mr. MURDOCK we consider as actor of great merit, and about hereinafter predicted, for the most part, to the inferior characters of the drama, is highly capable of enacting, with the greatest effect, those of a superior order.

The character of CONRAD, to be performed by him, on his benefit night, is one which will bring into requisition extensive histrionic powers. This character Mr. MURDOCK has studied with the most commendable assiduity—and we are certain will be performed in a manner to delight and astonish his auditors.—Miss Duff—the charming Miss Duff—will appear the heroine of the piece, and Mr. Scott, the most popular actor of the city, will also perform a part.—We sincerely trust that the public will be alive on that occasion, and show, by their attendance, that merit cannot go unrewarded.—Of this tragedy we have formerly spoken in the highest terms of commendation. All who have read it have concurred with us in opinion as to its merits.—It is needless to say any thing further in praise of what has received such universal and hearty approbation.

[illegible] Stephen Girard's Will, it is estimated that the property [illegible] Calculating the interest at 6 per cent [illegible] and the rent at 300 per annum results:

Income per annum,	- - -	78,000
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—*N. Y. Courier.*

[illegible] Company.

Office of the Lehigh Coal and Na[illegible] Jan. 9th, 1832.

Philadelphia.

At an election held this day, the following named persons were chosen officers of the Company for the ensuing years, viz:

President—Joseph Watson, Esq.

Managers.

Josiah White,	John Cook,
Erskine Hazard,	George Peterson,
Timothy Abbott,	Jonathan K. Hassinger,
Thomas Earp,	Evans Rogers,
Ephraim Haines,	John M'Allister,

Treasurer—Tho. Armitage.

EDWIN WALTER, Sec'ty.

Commencement.

THE INFLUENZA.

We are pleased to find the Compound Syrup of Liverwort, prepared by Mr. Carpenter, of this city, is extensively used for the prevailing epidemical catarrh. "In [illegible] to which it is so popularly in this city, it has obtained a great degree of confidence, and [illegible] the [illegible] of the suffering, in colds and coughs produced by the prevailing disease. The following communication is from a highly respectable citizen of Wilmington, Delaware. We find it in the Delaware Gazette of January 6, 1832.—Wilmington, January 3, 1832. About a year since, I was troubled with a spitting of blood, which at times [illegible] so very much [illegible] I procured a bottle of Carpenter's Compound of Liverwort, of Vaughan & Carpenter, which I took according to the printed directions accompanying it. One bottle entirely [illegible] and I have had no return of [illegible] ever since. This statement I make in justice to the medicine, as I firmly believe it was the cause of my cure, and I have no objection to giving my testimony in its favor.

"JACOB FILE."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The number of deaths that occurred in the city last week was 126. Of these, seventeen were the victims of consumption, [illegible] of catarrh, seventeen of scarlet fever, [illegible] and two of scalding from cold.

The N. Y. Fire Inspector reports the deaths of 429 persons during the week ending last Saturday night, only 6 of whom died of consumption 16, small pox 18, inflamation 6 [illegible]

A foreigner, born on Green Market street, on Tuesday, in a fight that would have delighted Mr. Gladiator, in a fight that would have delighted Mr. Gladiator, in a very large amount. The proceeding of yesterday were taken up by a vessel bound into Egg Harbor on Sunday. Carpenters was sending on Monday to save the cargo if possible.

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A correspondent who writes from Yocumtown, Pa. under date of 30 instant, assures us that the following singular circumstance may be relied upon as a veritable fact:—

"On Sunday last, as Mr. Zephaniah Underwood, of this village, was on his way home from Friend's Meeting, he actually surprised a Fox eating. He immediately overcoming the prize home."

On the subject of second marriages, the Boston Statesman of a late date, has the following:—How cruel is the folly of a second marriage, when either party has any children by the first. Step fathers and step mothers too often trample upon the rights of those who are not the offspring of their love, for only the objects of their care. Parental regard cannot arise from filial love, where there is no regard there is no obedience, and where there is no obedience there can be no love between parents and children. If a man dies and leaves a family of children, the children always prefer to live with a family, for in that case a man is [illegible] with a family, he is often [illegible] and generally lives long enough to [illegible] it. Widows are anxious for [illegible] are desirous of being upon a large family, [illegible] and [illegible] and so often [illegible] possessed of a large fortune, takes a new wife—is attached to another he—and he leaves [illegible] and his former children [illegible]

A correspondent of the same paper thanks the subject of [illegible] suggests to [illegible] Legislature [illegible], with a view of abolishing the practice. He remarks that not a single instance of a second marriage proving as happy as the first, has ever come under his notice, and that he knows of more than fifty cases of second marriages which have brought misery upon the offspring of the first.

The [illegible] and [illegible] of the Federal Gazette, are to be issued again, in a week under the title, and published for the future at one cent. The [illegible] of the daily, remains such a very particular valuable at the time. The work also contains much [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

One science only will one genius fit
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

THE FATE OF SERGEANT THUS.

Were to the list of Sergeants Thus,
A sober sire discharge his varying list!
Where he inquired in the house's dire—
There is all the miserable misery,
But he died of lax or no self rule—
He choked on a bale of his own material!

Sergeant Thus was many an inch,
And he carried the head with a wonderful air.
He kissed the wives in the most sweet tone
He danced as also he did sweet tune,
But dancing also he did not care
What Sergeant so a bit of his own material!

He did not die as a soldier dies in
Battle, with sword in hand—
He died where he was not the least in need,
When he himself was merely himself.
He just took and took his usual
What Sergeant so a bit of his own material!

Surely was he promised to God,
Thus his life a hymn a psalm he had—
Had to pass the king on the river's end,
It would have been very many easy to hear.
Or had he been at the end of his days,
He'd be to God or else to his own material!

The menu den men are many the risks
And the wives spend of the day's gone with night.
Thus, the full list of all death's perks,
To register of the men's—
And sixty-six commonly sing and frolic
If he alcohol no 'bout of his own material!

Now every [illegible] I say know,
Take warning by these mournful tales,
Be sure my dear or wife,
That every glass of liquid flows dead—
Be not too prone—be not too rash—
You may topple on a bier of your own material!

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

Sir,

The following descriptive "*Log for Dyspeptics*," is exactly original, or, and extensively circulated by the Temperance Society of Manchester—England, promising to a flowing and natural appetite, a healthy digestion, and consequently a long life, to the temperate, and to those drunkards, who are reformed, and willing to withdraw their wayward steps. That such may be the case, is the ardent desire of one, who has witnessed the sufferings, both of a moral and corporeal nature, arising from habits of intemperance, have neither been few nor small for who has at length, happily for himself and his connexions, been rescued effectually to resist, and resolutely to overcome a strong and deep rooted attachment to a practice, at once highly disgusting as to nature, destructive of all domestic felicity, and ruinous in its effects, both with regard to the world, and to that which is to come.

I am, Sir,
HOMO SOUS.

FILL UP THE GLASS.

A BALLAD FOR CHILDREN.

Fill up the cup, the bowl, the glass,
With wine and spirits high,
And we will drink while round they pass,
To—Port and Sherry.

Push quickly round the draught again,
And drain the goblet low,
And drink, in revelry's swelling strain,
To—Heaven's sweet dew!

Push round, push round, in quickest time—
The lowest drop be spilt,
In one loud round to Gaul and Crime,
And—Crime's just punishment.

Fill full again! fill to the brim,
To toss of Honor's fame!
Quaff—deeper quaff—while new we drink
Our woes and children's shame!

Push round and round, with loudest cheers
Of mirth and revelry,
We drink to—nature's sighs and tears,
And—children's poverty!

Once more, while power shall yet remain,
To—us with its latest breath,
Drink! to ourselves—shame and pain,
And infamy and Death.

EPITAPH ON AN HONEST MAN.

Money, for tomb-stones, is but vainly spent,
An honest man requires no monument;
Leave his body with a turf or stone,
It matters not, to him it is all one;
He the book of life, he's done with carnal strife;
He lives with God, he's done with carnal strife;
But yet the world would count it a neglect,
To want the dust of decent, due respect.

[illegible] marbles—virtuous lives.
Make easy husbands, happy wives:
These are the only means we know,
To make a little Heaven below.

Angry mistress—scolding wives,
Make wretched husbands, cursed wives;
And here such wives will take their birth,
Anvasky's little Hell on earth.

Remark for Lawyers on an Infant.
Tongue the first down, to obey and love,
She's gone to get them in the realms above.

EVE'S PUDDING.

If you want a good pudding mind what you are taught—
Take of eggons as number, when bought for a groat;
The fruit with which I'm for instance did cross,
Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen;
Six ounces of bread, let flour all the crust,
And crumble the rest as fine as the dust;
Six ounces of suet, the same you may sort,
Less you heark not your teeth, and spoil all the sport
Six ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet,
Some salt and some nutmeg, will make it complete;
Three hours let it boil without any hurry,
But Adam won't like it without wine and butter.

EPITAPH ON THE THE REFORM-BILL.

Here lies poor Bill—he's dead too run—
He died at forty-seven and one.
Though young, he was in wisdom Grey—
Was the "Lord Will" the Bishops say,
But I swear that they did not know
Was as hard "Gamaon," killed his foe.
"Tis true the Chronicle sat and sate
Thus verdict—"Dead of" Non Content."
He close your crystals Boys—and dry
The "cudgel sensitive" to your eye:
We have a Bill, whose power can save
Your dear Grandsitting from the grave;
And he, though much I've sung his praise,
He shortened sallies will reform.—
The will of Bill is law, says we:
The Bill of Bill—the law shall be
So—"A Short Bill—and here's Bill's will.
Bill—Bill—and nothing but the Bill.

When men of money to grandeur soar,
They leave a name to share from share the more.

RESPECT FOR AGE.

A Russian Princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French Marquis, visited a celebrated Savan Doctor of the last century, Michael Scappack, when the Marquis began to rose his jokes upon the poor old man's head. "I see of the Doctor," said he, "you are very prevent, and indeed so full twelve years often that no Parliament would dare to use the very old fellow. The Russian Princess relieved her attendant to bring a plate and deposited twelve Louis d'ors, and sent it to the Marquis who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the unsuspecting old man, and with a most bewitching air asked the explanation of his jocularity, and requested to know what was the reason why he laughed at the old which was in the plate, saying "Are this a representative of the old as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age?"

Jack Buckeye.—Two honest soldiers of the Emerald Isle, who were walking together the other day in the streets of London, were suddenly startled at the following notice, exhibited from the shop window of a wool-stapler, to the effect, viz. "Arms found," when one of them instantly exclaimed to the other, "Arrah! by my sure, honey, and is this not rare news for Pat? I will just now call in and bid them to Sail me my fist of a leg that I lost, you know, in the old gentleman at the battle of Waterloo?"

On Thursday, in the time of a very busy morning-service for the benefit of Sicilar, in which Mr. Griffin was a freeholder, Lord Grey, one of the party which he superintended into the church to say that he wished to see the Parson at the public-house. He immediately stopped his discourse, and said—"My brethren, I am called on the behalf of the nation, you will rise to the praise and the glory of God, and the benefit of the Irish Parliament. If I have not engaged when you have finished to pray you may either begin it again, or go on to the next, as you like best.

Pleasing to Whitbread.—We are favoured with the following interesting piece of news from a friendly correspondent at Exeter:—"The ale which you brewed for Lord Darnley very strong, and it Chester to the Globe, through which the Wine was exceedingly good, that the spirit of the Times was very attentive to the Standard of brevity which an impartial, who considerably corrupted the sense of John Bull, pronounced to Dr. [illegible]. His minds dressed a Traveller, who happened to a open Bar among [illegible] but being rather a Stoic, [illegible] to Dr. Hooper, the Bishop of [illegible] to consider the Sale Journal of Sale he was the Herald and Advertiser, and proceeded to Register a new Chronicle which every Englishman who is true to Observer, cannot fail to value as a Record of the follies of the Age.—Globe.

Extract from the London Evening Post, Nov. 7, 1741.

THE ARD LIEUTENANT."

[illegible] with a sovereign of ancient name [illegible] equally to a male kind and daughter-natured country [illegible] of sovereign figure of the land, throwing the [illegible] of his long life [illegible] and [illegible] a right [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]